There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that words death, no words can that woe sound.
Where is my father and my mother *Nurse*?
Nur. Weeping and wailing over *Tibalts* coarse:
Will you goe to them? I will bring you thither.
Jul. Wash they his wounds with teares, mine shall be spent,
When theirs are dry, for *Romeo's* banishment.
Take up those cords; poore ropes you are beguil'd,
Both you and I, for *Romeo* is exil'd:
He made you for a high-way to my bed,
But I a maide dye maiden widowed.
Come cord, come Nurse, Ile to my wedding bed,
And death, not *Romeo*, take my maidenhead.
Nurse. Hye to your chamber, Ile finde *Romeo*,
To comfort you: I wot well where he is,
Harke you, your *Romeo* will be here at night:
Ile to him, he is hid at *Laurence* Cell.
Jul. O find him, give this ring to my true Knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell.

Exit.

Enter Frier and Romeo.

Fri. *Romeo* come forth, come forth thou fearfull man,
Affliction is enamor'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.
Ro. Father what newes? what is the Princes doome?
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That yet I know not?
Fri. Too familiar
Is my deare sonne with such sowre company:
I bring thee tidings of the Princes doome.
Ro. What lesse than doomsday is the Princes doome?
Fri. A gentler judgement vanisht from his lips:
Not bodies death, but bodies banishment.
Rom. Ha! banishment? be mercifull, say death,
For exile hath more terrour in his looke,
Much more than death; doe not say banishment.
Fri. Here from *Verona* art thou banished:

Be-

Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.
Rom. There is no world without *Verona* walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell it selfe.
Hence banished is banisht from the world,
And worlds exile is death. Then banished
Is death mis-tearm'd: calling death banished,
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden Axe,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.
Fri. O deadly sinne! O rude unthankfulnesse!
Thy fault our Law calls death, but the kind Prince
Taking thy part, hath rusht aside the law,
And turn'd that blacke word death to banishment:
This is deare mercy, and thou seest it not.
Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: Heaven is here
Where *Juliet* lives, and every cat and dogge,
And little mouse, every unworthy thing
Live here in heaven, and may looke on her,
But *Romeo* may not. More validity,
More honourable state, more Courtship lives
In carrion flies than *Romeo*: they may seize
On the white wonder of deare *Juliets* hand,
And steale immortall blessing from her lips,
Who even in pure and Vestall modesty
Still blush, as thinking their owne kisses sinne:
This may flies doe, when I from this must flye,
And saist thou yet that exile is not death?
But *Romeo* may not, he is banished,
Flyes may doe this, but I from this must flye:
They are free men, but I am banished.
Hadst thou no poison mixt, no sharpe grownd knife,
No sudden meane of death, though nere so meane,
But Banished to kill me? Banished!
O Frier, the damned use that word in hell,
Howling attends it: how hast thou the heart,
Being a Divine, a ghostly Confessor,
A sinne Obsolver, and my Friend profest,
To mangle me with that word banished?